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MUSIC FOR THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

IN MAKING his munificent gift to music in New York—the endowment may amount to as much as $20,000,000—the late Augustus D. Juilliard stipulated that the money shall be used not only to aid the Metropolitan Opera Company in the training of "worthy students of music," but also to provide concerts and recitals "without profit" and "of a character appropriate for the education and entertainment of the general public."

There has never been a time when the general public in this city could be counted on to show larger appreciation of such opportunities as Mr. Juilliard had in mind.

In saying this we are not thinking of the audiences that greet renowned orchestras and world-famed virtuosi in the innumerable concerts of a New York musical season. Enjoyment of good music has become a bigger thing than that in New York.

Go into any of the larger moving picture theatres where good orchestras and good music are now a special feature of the entertainment. You will find thousands of people listening with delight to a Rossini overture or a movement from a Tschaikowsky symphony, and when it is over demanding more. These people would be the last to call themselves "highbrow" or to pretend to like what really bored them.

Not enough has been said of the extent to which the "movies" have not only added to the supply of good music at popular prices but have proved the readiness of the public to absorb yet larger quantities.

If people enjoy listening to well-played selections from the best composers at the "movies" they would be equally glad to hear them at open air concerts in the parks. Such park concerts should not be rare treats. During the summer they should be daily—even twice or thrice a day events. If the city is too poor to provide them gratis, try charging ten cents, and let the listeners sit at small tables, where they can be served light drinks and cakes.

Private enterprise has reaped fortunes out of teaching New Yorkers new habits. Why shouldn't the city turn an honest penny by making things pleasanter for the millions who have to spend the summer here?

And that undiscovered substitute for the saloon that is puzzling so many heads just now ——. Why not concert cafes with good orchestras, soft drinks, light refreshments at attractive prices and a place for dancing?

Some day, when the country comes out of its Prohibition aphasia, these concert cafes would be there to answer all purposes and banish the need or thought of resuscitating the disreputable saloon.

Not only has music charms of its own but it lends itself to surroundings that can greatly add to the pleasures and inexpensive recreations of city life at all seasons.

The multi-millionaire whose bequest means so much to music in America confessed to "something like a romantic interest in all things musical."

Could the Juilliard Musical Foundation carry the design of its founder to more romantic realization than by showing how a genuinely popular taste for good music—taste that shows itself in the music of the parks and popular concert halls—can be recognized and encouraged in this city until New York has the most, the best, and, in the opportunities it offers the public, the cheapest music of any great city in the world?

According to understandings and expectations, there takes place to-day at Versailles one of the great ceremonies of all time.

In view of all the circumstances, however, and particularly considering the too well known character and attitude of one of the chief parties represented, a waiting world will not throw its hat into the air until it knows with certainty that the momentous document is signed, blotted and sealed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Germany has taught us to keep a sharp eye out for scuttlings, cable slippings, shuffling of the papers, disappearing inks or other Teutonic sleight of hand.

The Evening World's exposure of the extent to which lack of proper inspection by the Department of Weights and Measures permits motorists in this city to be swindled through "short measuring" gasoline pumps is a timely reminder that the only way to keep up with new needs is to keep up with them. This applies to the city in its obligations toward an ever increasing part of the public that requires special protection, just as much as it applies to any private corporation.

With the jury's verdict in the Dr. Wilkins case, wife-murder gets another merited setback and the jury system emerges still strong and sufficient from a somewhat racking test.

Dutch rejoicing was premature. The two worst Hohenzollerns appear to be still in Holland.

Keep right on cheering the returned American Navy flyers of the NC-4. Peace doesn't need it all.

New Things in Science

It has been estimated by a European scientist that the commercial value of the electricity in a flash of lightning lasting one thousandth of a second is twenty-nine cents.

* * *

The trigger of a New York inventor's rifle is pressed with the thumb instead of being pulled with fingers, with the advantage that the weapon is handled more steadily.

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At the present rate of increase in the consumption of native lumber in New Zealand it is estimated that the supply of standing timber will last not more than thirty years.

1914—1919!

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By J. H. Cassel

Girls and Dancing

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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In the Days When the Ravages of Father Time Have Lost Their Sting

DURING the week some legal action was taken in connection with dance halls, it being alleged that some of them were not proper places.

At the same time comes a letter from a young man who is very much grieved at his fiancee's great love for dancing and he believes on account of their disagreement he is fast losing her.

He says in his communication:

"She knows I do not care to go around dancing, as I am pretty well over those days. I take her to the best of plays and to the best places of enjoyment. I want her to enjoy herself, but why pick out a dance hall?

"Dancing is all right, providing it is a respectable place, but the places she selects I know I would not want my sister to go to.

"I can tell her and explain to her, but it is of no use. She tells me I am a 'dead head' and an 'old man' and many other nice names.

"She has reached her nineteenth birthday and I am five years her senior and I think I know where to take her. Since I refused to take her dancing, she does not care for me any more."

This young man has the wrong idea about what his rights and duties are.

In the first place, he might as well say goodby to the girl if he is continually going to disagree with her, even about such a small matter as dancing.

Many a little dance has made a very big trouble. Just because this young man does not like dancing is no reason why he should inflict his likes and dislikes on somebody else.

Should he continue his opposition, and even succeed in marrying the girl, as a general proposition if she likes dancing well enough she will steal away from him and go to dances, and then there will be no end of trouble.

As somebody has wisely said: "There is no accounting for tastes." And any man who thinks he can change a person's tastes to suit his own is certainly a back number in the present scheme of things.

Furthermore, any one who says that at the age of twenty-four he is "over such things as dancing" needs a little waking up. Even grandmothers and grandfathers dance to-day. Age has lost its limit and nobody "gets over" anything only on account of the number of years.

It is a matter for the individual. Everybody is in the foreground of activity. No longer are people relegated to the rear with knitting needles and snuff boxes, just because Father Time has kept count of the length of their lives.

Living to-day is different.

But the young man does speak progress when he says that he is opposed to dance halls that are not respectable. He has good ground for complaint when the young woman makes the mistake of going to places where she will be contaminated by wrong influences.

Let him choose good places for dancing. It is a healthy and pleasant exercise, if it is clean and wholesome.

He should adapt himself to her desires. He will find that when he takes her to as many dances as she wants to go to, and shows a willingness for her to enjoy herself in her favorite pastime, that she will reciprocate as to his desires.

Only a few days ago I was with some friends. In the party was a middle aged man who had married a very young girl. This man is very wise. He dislikes dancing himself, but he makes it his business to invite young people to join with them in going to dances, in order that his wife may have partners, while he sits by laughing and talking with the party, and thus he gives her full opportunity for the thing she likes to do.

It is certainly a much better way than to forbid it. It is human nature to seek the thing that is forbidden. It began with Mother Eve.

Dances have done more to keep the spirit of youth alive than perhaps any other one pastime.

But the young men and women who go to dance halls the reputation of which is uncertain make the mistake of their lives. They not only help to foster something that is degrading, but they themselves run risks that cause later trouble.

"On with the dance!" But let not joy be unrefined.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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The Jarrs Have an Old Friend to Dine Who Tells What a Film Is Without a Mother

THE theatrical season being over, the Jarr family were again honored at meal time by a visit from their old friend Harold Dogstory, the press agent. This evening he had arrived at the Jarr menage in high spirits to announce he had arranged for his "summer cakes doing publicity for a special feature film."

"I can't see how doing the press work for an inanimate feature film production appeals to you as it seems to," said Mr. Jarr. "Especially after the glitter, the tinsel, the gayety and the glamour of furnishing fame for such a musical show as 'The Ginger Girl.'"

Mr. Dogstory, the press agent, straining his ear to see if he could catch the far off clatter of crockery that betokened dinner preparations, roused himself, and said in an inquiring tone, "I beg your pardon?" And Mr. Jarr repeated his remarks.

"Why, doing press work for a super feature film has got many advantages," Mr. Dogstory answered. "First, the feature film will have no male or female stars to fight each other, or any important female personage in the cast who has 'a friend financially interested.' And then, best of all, a film has no artistic temperament; and, better still, no mother."

"Of course, a moving picture has no mother!" remarked Mrs. Jarr, who had been listening quietly to the conversation. "No, Willie, Mr. Dogstory does not wish to hear you recite the piece you spoke at the closing exercises at school!"

This last remark was directed to Master Jarr, who had entered quietly and had gained the centre of the room and was now betraying preliminary symptoms of infantile elocution.

"And a feature film never puts up a fight about its dressing room or has hysterics over the billing or how big its name is in the electric sign outside; but principally moving pictures appeal to me, after many years augmenting the renown of actresses in more or less legitimate productions, because the film has no mother!"

"Be it ever so humble," murmured Mr. Jarr. "What is a film without a mother?"

"Ask me!" replied Mr. Dogstory. "If you had worked at the press agent game as long as I have, backed by nothing but your fur trimmed overcoat, your trusty typewriter, your 'This Story Not Duplicated In Your City' rubber stamp, your silk hat and your high degree fraternal pin, and then to be up against the star's mother—if it was a lady star—or the star's skirt-chasing or booze addictions—if it was a gentleman star—then you would know what it was to suffer! Then you would be prepared to approach marble hearted dramatic editors in the interest of an endless strip of celluloid whom the dramatic editor would never have any hope of ever taking tea with or selling a play to, and you would say with me, 'Well, trying to put out stories for a six-part moving picture masterpiece is no easy job, but, thank goodness, a film has no mother!'"

"We'll admit a film has no mother!" said Mr. Jarr. "But elucidate."

"No, Emma, Mr. Dogstory doesn't want to hear you play the piano now!" admonished Mrs. Jarr, as the little Jarr girl sidled in and began to climb on the piano stool. "Mr Dogstory will hear you after supper."

At these words Mr. Dogstory's heart gave a great leap for joy, and as he afterward admitted, as he hadn't eaten for some time, his heart had plenty of leaping room.

"Oh, I hope I'm not interrupting your dinner!" cried the visiting press agent. This was a true hope. Mr. Dogstory was worried a little lest he had not been on the starting line.

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Jarr hospitably, "dinner is just ready. You won't mind that it is just a picked-up dinner? This was the maid's afternoon out, you know."

"Oh, yes; you're to stay to dinner," said Master Willie playfully. "I'm not to recite when people are to stay to dinner."

But Mr. Dogstory, who was tact itself, affected not to hear the boy.

"And you are to play the piano for me, after dinner, little darling!" murmured Mr. Dogstory in affected abstraction to little Miss Emma Jarr.

"Yes, sir, only I generally play when we have company what mamma don't want before dinner!"

"Don't mind the child, children say such curious things!" said Mrs. Jarr, smiling sweetly, though her thoughts were inclined to infanticide.

"Oh, certainly! They are such delightfully irresponsible little angels!" gushed Mr. Dogstory, as he escorted Mrs. Jarr toward the dining room.

And his heart sang in rejoicing that while a film has no mother, the Jarr children had, and that said mother set forth what Mr. Dogstory, appreciative after tank town hotel cookery, termed "a marvellous cuisine!"

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No 63—WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder of the Salvation Army.

YOU who thrill with pride and gratitude when you read of the glorious war work of the Salvation Army, do you know that the Salvation Army's members used to be subject to arrest, under the plea that they were "breakers of the peace?"

Do you know that the genius and the militant Christianity of one man not only brought the Salvation Army into existence, but carried it through years of public ridicule and contempt to the pedestal of honor it now occupies?

The man was William Booth, who as a mere boy became a preacher. He was born in Nottingham, England, in 1829, and devoted his whole life to the preaching of the Gospel to the poor and to the Man in the Street.

In those days such forms of religion were deemed undignified and sensational and were frowned upon. But Booth and his gallant wife continued their self-imposed task.

Gradually at their open-air meetings they gathered around them a body of converts who in turn became preachers and organized workers among the poor and desolate. This body of active Christians, with Booth as its leader, was known at first as "The Revival Society," then as "The Christian Mission," and in 1878 it adopted the name of "Salvation Army," and gave Booth the title of "General."

Its work was practical Christianity and the relieving of human distress. Its officers penetrated the heart of the London slums, preaching, praying, feeding the needy, calling unhappy souls to conversion and healing hapless bodies.

Strangely enough, the public at large greeted the Salvation Army with derision and often with positive hatred. Bands of toughs broke up its meetings. Its members were pelted with mud and rotten eggs when they went through the streets on their splendid errands of mercy.

Were Once Subject to Arrest.

The law itself was arrayed against them. They were fined and imprisoned as "disturbers of the peace."

But Booth kept on. His was the guiding spirit; his was the iron will-power—the resolve to make good along the grand line he had laid out for himself and his followers.

Before the Salvation Army was firmly rooted in England—long before it had overcome the ferocious opposition to it—branches were formed in other countries. In 1880 the American branch was established. Here, in spite of a certain amount of more or less kindly ridicule at first, it speedily became a mighty power for good.

In 1890 Gen. Booth's ablest lieutenant—his wife—died. It was she who had shared her husband's worst misfortunes and had helped him map out his most widely successful campaigns. She it was, too, who, in 1860, started the "women's ministry" element, which has been so potent a force in the Salvationists' work.

It was in 1890, too, that Gen. Booth brought the eyes of the whole world on him by his book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out"—wherein he outlined in simple and vigorous language his plans for remedying poverty and vice.

Gains Approval of King.

The suggestions made in this book were the work of a master mind—a mind whose greatness the public could no longer ignore. Several of these suggestions were presently carried into effect by means of large subscriptions. Says one of his biographers:

"The opposition and ridicule with which Booth's work was for many years received gave way—toward the end of the nineteenth century—to very widespread sympathy, as his genius and its results were more fully recognized. The active encouragement of King Edward VII. marked the completeness of the change."

Gen. Booth had made good. He had established a magnificent force for progress and for humanity and for Christianity in all its phases. The work of the Salvation Army in the recent war set the final and permanent seal of public approval upon the founder's life-work.

The Gay Life of a Commuter

Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise

By Rube Towner

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Some Suburban, Foreign and Domestic Problems

THE leading real estate dealer of Paradise occupied the seat with Newcomer on the 7.55 A. M. and was explaining to him that if he would buy a building plot now in the Saints' Rest addition it would double in value in five years and he would get it for nothing.

"Just look how the place is growing!" he exclaimed. "Already we have the finest residences and clubs and churches and cafes and schools and saloons and all the other things that make life attractive in the suburbs—movies and golf and bridge and yachting and poker"——

"But I'm thinking about moving back to the city," Newcomer interrupted. "I broke two plates and a cup and saucer trying to help the Missis with the breakfast dishes, and she panned me good and threatened to take 'em out of my wages; she told me to go back to Poland or Silesia or wherever I came from; and then she said if we didn't get a housemaid pretty soon she was going to pack up and go to the city or to Europe."

"I'm in bad too," said "Doc." "I burned the bacon this morning and let the butter fall on our best Turkish rug; when I left the house the wife was weeping and writing a letter to her mother; if she was inviting 'Mamma' to come to us it won't make any difference to me whether Germany signs up or not—I've got to remobilize and reintrench."

"Why not try my scheme?" said Little Arthur. "We get all our eats now at the delicatessen and we use paper plates and paper napkins; if everybody would do that we could solve this problem—at least until the paper trust got onto us."

"I thought your wife had a good girl," said "Doc" to Newcomer.

"We thought so, too," replied Newcomer; "she couldn't cook or bake and wouldn't do the washing, and the first day she was with us she thought the vacuum cleaner was to cut the grass with, and the first week she broke six cocktail glasses, and one day she accidentally, of course, set fire to the house, but as she was a subject of one of the small and weak nations we felt sorry for her and put up with it, but one day she heard me denouncing the Bolsheviki, and as her brother was then organizing a Soviet, she refused any longer to be a wage slave to a mere bourgeois."

"Why did your girl quit?" "Doc" asked Little Arthur.

"She said she was tired of being a bartender."

"How about yours?" asked Newcomer of "Doc."

"I never rightly understood," said "Doc." "She couldn't speak English and I was never any hand to pick up dialects. We had to talk to her in the sign language; I'm pretty good at that; my grandfather was carried off by the Indians and he taught me how to talk by signs, but the girl didn't seem to understand them and one day she, put the 'Indian sign' on us by leaving."

"Boys, we ought all to be millionaires and we wouldn't have these troubles," remarked Mawruss Pleasantman.

"Is that so?" asked a dapper middle-aged man in the seat ahead of Mawruss, and as he turned around they all recognized him as one of the leading millionaires of that section to whom "Doc" had spoken when he came aboard, "Doc" introduced him to all hands, and the millionaire—a regular "mult"—continued:

"I had a houseful of servants when the season opened and now we're living in six rooms until I close up the place and go away for the summer. My housekeeper belongs to the Entente; she suspected the second man of being identified with the Central Powers—at least she insisted he talked with a German accent; one of the maids was incensed because Italy didn't get Fiume and wouldn't have anything to do with the Entente people, and so it went until the whole menage, you might say, was disrupted. My last chauffeur left last night.

"But," he sighed resignedly, "we'll have peace some day, but I only see one way out of the present trouble."

"What's that?" asked "Doc."

"A League of Nations right here in Paradise, but even then, I suppose, we'd need an army of occupation to enforce the covenant," and he relaxed resignedly to his fate.

"Terminal, all out!" called the conductor when the train slid into the station.

"Well, here we are at the other end of the line from Paradise," said Little Arthur.

"Yes," said "Doc," "it's hell!"